The Boa's Boy

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Modern AU! Boa Hancock is the CEO of a large company, who has hired a certain Vernon Dursley to work on her staff. She realizes her mistake and fires him, but catches him muttering something about a freak under his breath... She never expected she'd be raising a little boy...But...Well, she is. [Co-written with Pokemaster94]

Status: ongoing

Published: 2015-07-04

Updated: 2016-01-23

Words: 10893

Chapters: 2

Rated: Fiction T - Language: English - Genre: Family/Hurt/Comfort - Characters: Harry P., Boa Hancock - Reviews: 60 - Favs: 439 - Follows: 474

Original source: https://www.fanfiction.net/s/11357924/1/The-Boa-s-Boy

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Chapter 1

Boa Hancock sat impatiently in her office, tapping her hands against the desk. "UGH! Where IS he?!" She exclaimed in irritation. "I called that fat bastard five minutes ago, so why isn't he here yet?!" The man she was referring to was Vernon Dursley. He was being called into her office because his co-workers had been complaining that he was a poor worker, a pervert and an all-around unpleasant individual. Honestly, she didn't know WHY she had allowed him to work under her...

Honestly, she didn't know WHY she allowed him to work under her. Men like him disgusted her. In fact, she had a difficult time trusting men in general, save for a few somewhat tolerable individuals that were at least honest about themselves. Individuals like Vernon Dursely however... she didn't know where to start with him. Hancock knew he was going to be trouble since Day 1, but this exceeded her expectations a bit.

And speak of the devil; said walrus happened to walk right through the door to her office.

'About time, you tub of lard.' Hancock thought scornfully, doing her best to keep her outward expression as stoic as possible.

Vernon walked (waddled, practically) to the chair in front of his boss's desk before he directed a poorly practiced smile her way.

"I apologize for the wait, Lady Hancock, I got...held up a little in my work." He greeted in a tone that made said business woman sick to her stomach just by hearing it. It took a majority of her willpower to keep it from looking that way, AND keeping the twitch in her eye small enough to keep him from noticing.

"Take a seat, Mr. Dursley." She calmly requested. Vernon did just that, the metal of the chair creaking loudly in protest to his sheer

weight. Hancock made a mental note to get sturdier chairs when all was said and done.

"I understand there's something you wished to see me about?" Hancock let out a silent breath upon hearing Vernon's question and closed her eyes, wanting to spare said part of her body from the sight in front of her as long as she could.

"Actually yes, there is..."

"Well, what can I do for you, ma'am?" Vernon asked politely, fidgeting in his seat. Hancock smirked.

"Oh nothing, really. I just wanted to fire you, that's all." Vernon nodded.

"Oh, well if that's all you wanted to do, I guess I'll just get back to work-wait, WHAT?!"

"Did I stutter?!" Hancock roared, pointing at the man and looking up at the ceiling, a clear sign she was currently looking down on him.

"N-no, but...why are you looking up at the ceiling?" Vernon asked, having always been confused as to why she did something like this. He asked about it once, but never got clear answer.

Hancock simply looked back to Vernon and slammed both hands flat against her desk. "Then my answer should have been perfectly clear." She began, promptly ignoring her ex-employee's question. "After receiving various complaints from most of the workers here, I no longer see it fit for you to work here any longer!"

Vernon did his best not to blow his top, but that didn't stop his face from reddening a bit. After all, this was one woman he did not wish to anger any further. He didn't know why, but there was something about her that just exuded this aura of power that kept him from acting like his usual pompous self in her presence.

"I-if this is about the joke I made a while ago, then I'm sorry. It wasn't my fault she took it the wrong way!" He exclaimed trying his best, and failing miserably, to appease the situation.

Hancock facepalmed. "Dursley, what should you be doing right now?"

"Huh...?"

"LEAVING MY OFFICE, THAT IS WHAT YOU SHOULD BE DOING RIGHT NOW!" Hancock boomed. "TAKE YOUR UGLY SUIT AND YOUR ENORMOUS RUMP OUT OF MY OFFICE, CLEAR YOUR DESK, AND LEAVE BEFORE I KICK YOU OUT! AND I DO MEAN THAT LITERALLY!"

Vernon's face turned a light shade of purple at this, but still managed not to lose his temper in front of the powerful women before him. He had once seen one or two male workers either kicked out of the building by Hancock herself, or practically thrown out by the monsterous pair of women she had for sisters when they lost their jobs for, apparently, a similar reason to him. They tried to peacefully escort said workers out of the building, but were promptly dragged when they resisted, saying they did nothing wrong. Vernon saw from third person experience just how powerful her kicks were, and was smart enough to know that resistance would be futile.

With that in mind he promptly got up from his seat, albeit with some trouble, and left Hancock's office, with his ex-boss watching his retreating form as she did so. Once the door shut, she sat down in her seat with a long sigh and turned to the window, rubbing her temple as she looked out at the sight of London before her.

Vernon was not happy: he had promptly lost a high paying job shortly after getting it. His wife was not going to be happy about this. Their son's birthday was just around the corner and he didn't even bother asking about a final paycheck. He could always blame the burden that was put on his family. Oh yes, that was the perfect solution, knowing how much Petunia despised the brat anyway.

"That freak will pay for this. There's going to be a long thrashing session when I get home." He muttered to himself, not knowing he had been over heard by a relatively tall women with wavy green hair, a modest green and white dress, and an acute sense of hearing to boot.

Having heard what the walking vad of lard had said, Sandersonia narrowed her eyes dangerously at the retreating form of Vernon Dursely. She had an idea about was going on, but decided to talk to her sister about it just be sure, since this would give her an excuse to tell her about what she heard anyway, and left for Hancock's office.

Hancock was bored out of her skull as she returned to the paperwork she unfortunately had to do. How she despised this aspect of her job...Paperwork was so dreadfully dull, she wished she could just throw it all in the fireplace and watch all of it burn to ashes...

She had been brought out of her musings when she heard a knock on her office door. Hancock looked up from her work wondering who would be here to see her.

"Come in." She called out. Immediately upon her request, the door opened to reveal her younger sister, Sandersonia, entered the room, seeming just a bit more serious than usual. Hancock rose a brow in curiosity upon seeing her sister's current disposition, but said sister spoke up before she had the chance to ask.

"I take it the walking flab has been dealt with?" Sandersonia's subdued tone brought Hancock's curiosity up more upon hearing.

"Yes... is that the reason you wanted to see me, Sonia?" Hancock asked, her curiosity making its way to her voice.

"That and something else." Sonia replied as she stood next to the char in front of her sister's desk. "Somethng I overheard actually has me worried."

"And that is?" Sonia would have asked her sister why she wasn't saying more, but decided against asking something so needless.

"He said something about 'thrashing the freak' when he gets home. I'm not sure why, but I have this sneaking suspicion something bad's about to happen once he leaves, and I'LL don't mean to us."

Hancock mulled over what was said. On one hand she could care less about what men like Vernon, or any man at all, did in their spare time. However, after hearing what her sister had to say, she had a sinking feeling that Dursely wasn't the most forgiving of people, and wouldn't put it past him if he took it out on someone else.

"Do we have his address in his files?" She asked, her mind made up on what she would do next.

Sandersonia raised a curious brow upon her older sister's question. "Yes, but why do you wish to know that?"

Hancock stood from her seat and made for the door. "I intend to pay a little visit to Vernon Dursely."

And so, once closing time came around, Hancock stormed down the halls of the building, and out the front doors with purpose. Vernon Dursley would not harm an innocent bystander because of his own ineptitude. Not while she still drew breath. Her eyes narrowed as she made her way to her limo.

"Take me to Number Four Privet Drive, and be quick about it." She said to her chaffeur sternly.

"Y-yes ma'am." She stuttered. Hancock didn't trust any man, no matter how much she tolerated them, to drive her anywhere. Once she steped in to the exquisite vehicle, she was on her way to her destination. Along the way, she started to think about why she was doing this. In all honesty, she was surprised that she was doing something like this in the first place. Was it because she was genuinely curious, or was it because of what some called a "gut

feeling"? She had no idea, but whatever it was, she hoped it was worth the trouble.

As Private Drive came into view Hacock told the chaffeur to park at the end of the street. While hesitant at first, the driver complied and did what she was told. The owner of Amazon Lily stepped out of the limousine and looked around at the seemingly dull neighborhood. Just like any part of England, it seemed, suburbs like this practically lacked color.

"Are you sure you don't want me to come with you, madam?" The chaffeur asked timidly. Hancock simply turned to the young woman in the limo with a rather plain expression.

"It's fine. If anything happens, I'm more than capable taking care of myself." The driver simply nodded submissively, not wanting to argue with her boss. With that done, Hancock began walking down the street towards her destination.

There were few people out and about. She did catch a few men eyeing her, but she quite promptly scared them off with a quick glare. She supposed it was a relatively decent neighbourhood. Sure, the area gave off the feeling that it was run by perfect, pompous, prissy people, but that was better than having men making lewd comments about her every time she took a step.

She was pulled out of her thoughts as she neared Number 4 of Private Drive. The house itself didn't look all that special. In fact it showed just how poor of taste the man who supposedly lived here. Without thinking too much on the subject, she walked up the the front door of the house. Just as she was about to knock on the door, however, the sound of a scream pierced rhe air from within the building. Without thinking, she kicked the door down.

"DUUUUUUUURSLEEEEEEEY!" She roared angrily. She heard Vernon Dursley's familiar frightened yelp, the same one he had used whenever she had yelled at him when he was still under her employment. "IN HERE NOW!" She roared, stomping her foot on the

ground for emphasis. "AND BRING THE ONE WHO WAS SCREAMING IN WITH YOU! THAT IS A DIRECT ORDER! I CAN RUIN YOU IF YOU DON'T COMPLY! I HAVE THE POWER AND BEAUTY TO DO SO!"

Vernon gulped nervously. He had just gotten home after having lost his job. Deciding that punishing the freak would be the best way to relieve his stress as well as when he heard the freak didn't do his chores properly, he had subsequently taken his favorite tool, a wood plank with a dozen rusty nails hammered into it, and had began the freak's daily beating, three fold. He was about to yell at the young toddler in front of him for screaming just as he heard his front door exploding and his former boss's angry voice ringing throughout the house. He could have argued that he was doing nothing wrong and that she was hearing things, but he knew that when Boa Hancock said she could ruin him, she meant it. Last guy who tried something against her learned that the hard way.

At the same time, the toddler before him, one Harry James Potter, had been taking his beatings like the freak his Aunt and Uncle convinced him he was when Hancock intruded. Hearing the voice for the first time didn't do his current position any favors, and had started whimpering. Aruptly, however, he felt his Uncle begin to drag him by his oversized shirt towards the entrence of the house.

Vernon nervously trudged towards the entrance of his home and peaked around the corner to see a very furious Hancock standing a few feet away from the broken door. Swallowing the lump in his throat, he allowed more of his visage to be seen by his former employer and tried his best to smile.

"W-why, Miss H-Hancock, h-how nice to s-see you here. I-I was just a-about to-" He didn't have a chance to finish. The minute he started stuttering, Hancock had stomped to where he was and slugged him right in the jaw. He knew she had a mean kick, but never expecter to have a wicked left hook too. The punch sent Vernon staggering, making him release Harry from his grasp as he did so, and he fell to the ground like a heavy bag of cement. Shaking her hand to get the

feeling back, she gave one of her fiercest glares to the walrus in front of her.

"I believe I gave you an order. Now where is-" The sound of whimpering cut her off as she looked down to her side, only to see what was, probably, one of the most horrifying things she had ever seen.

The child...He was in such horrendous condition. He was half-dead! His limbs were twisted, he was practically oozing blood, he was covered in bruises, wounds and infections...And he looked to be three years old!

"Oh...Oh my- You...You're an ANIMAL! COMPLETE AND UTTER GARBAGE! A PIG IN HUMAN CLOTHING! DISGUSTING! EVIL! MONSTER!" Every time Hancock screamed an insult at Vernon, she brought her heels down as hard as she could onto his groin, making sure he didn't produce any more hellspawn with that wife of his.

Once she was done, with Vernon holding what was left of his manhood And unlikely to get up anytime soon, she walked over to the little boy and knelt down to try and examine the full extent of his injures. Upon lifting the shirt a little, the sight that waited her almost made her throw up. She could see various wounds that she somehow knew had never been treated. If just the small portion of injuries she saw was THIS bad, then she didn't want to imagine the damage done to the rest of him.

'Just what did that fat bastard do to this boy?' She questioned internally, her eyes on the brink of tears. Without another word, she carefully picked up the small child into her arms and cradled him like an infant, doing her best not to aggravate his injuries.

She gave Vernon one last heated glance, kicked him in the family jewels hard enough to send him flying through the wall, spat on his unconscious form, then looked down to the child, who by this point was on the brink of a full-blown emotional meltdown. He was clearly terrified...And it was a truly heartrending sight.

He weakly struggled to escape the woman's grasp, saddening Hancock even more than she was when she first laid eyes on him. She needed to calm him down somehow, to let him know she wasn't going to hurt him. An idea came to her in that brief moment. Gently, she moved the child's head over her heart and let him listen. He still struggled, at first, but very quickly he began to calm down.

The sound Harry listed to was...actually very pleasent, so much so that he almost fell asleep, but remembered that a stranger was holding him. Letting his curiocity get the best of him, he looked up to see the face a of a very beautiful young women looking down at him with concern. She had long, sleek black hair, dark blue eyes, and an gold earing in the shape of a snake dangling from each ear. He didn't notice how beautiful she was before since he was so scared of what was happening, but now he could get a good look since he had calmed down.

Hancock, upon seeing the child look up to him with, now that she noticed, wide, beautiful green eyes that reminded her a bit of Sandersonia, directed a small smile towards him.

"Hello there, little one." She started gently. "How are you feeling?"

Harry was astronamically confused. The woman that was currently holding him in a comfortable embrace had previously kicked his uncle through the wall and didn't even bat an eye. Yet here she was, her previously angry expression replaced with a small, yet soft smile wanting to know how he was. As such gazed upon the smiling woman before in wonder.

"Um... I'm fine... Miss..." He managed to say. It seemed to Hancock that he didn't know how to speak that well.

Her smile seemed to widen at that. "I'm glad. May I know your name?"

Harry was about to comply with the nice lady's request, but the sound of a loud click made his words die in his throat. Both him and

Hancock turned to see an ugly horse for a women standing before the stairs aiming a pistol at Hancock. The sight made Harry cower in fear as he tried to make himself as small as possible, his whimpering returning full force. Hancock on the other hand, simply scowled at the image of a woman's worse nightmare before her. Petunia Dursely, despite holding the gun, was trembling uncontrollably, pale as a ghost at the woman before her that had viciously attacked her husband.

"G-get out of my house! Now! I swear I'll shoot!" Petunia shouted, trying her best to seem intimidating. Hancock simply scoffed internally and slowly walked over to the Dursely matriarch without worry, knowing the horse was to scared to do anything.

Petunia, for her part, simply held the gun in place as her husband's former boss approached. She would have pulled the trigger, but Hancock's gaze seemed to pierce even the darkest recess of her soul, draining every bit of her willpower, piece by painfull piece. Once Hacock was simply an arm's length away from Petunia, she used her right hand, the hand not holding Harry, and grabbed the top of the gun. Petunia's shaking seemed to get even more violent at Hancock's determined action.

"Let go." Harry's savior said simply. Petunia, despite what was left of her willpower, complied, her hands slowly releasing the pistol she formely held firm in her grasp. As Petunia's arms fell to her sides, Hacock tossed the gun away onto the dining room carpet as she kept her glare on the horse.

"Now stay where you are, unless you want to join your husband." Petunia simply fell to the ground at Hancock's simple, yet ample threat. Without another word, Hancock pulled out her cell and called for the chaffeur, telling her to bring the limo in front of the house and to call for the police and an ambulence when she did. With that said and done, Hancock sat on the nearest chair and checked on the boy in her arms.

"It's alright child, the horse won't hurt you be able to hurt you." She coaxed gently. Harry didn't realize he had been holding his breath until he had gasped for air. After catching his breath, he looked to see Hancock's gentle smile once more. "There we go." She said softly. "Now, may I know your name?"

Harry hesitated looking down uneasily. Sure the woman was nice...but what if it turned out to be a trap of some kind? She couldn't take it if it was.

Deciding not to make the woman holding him angry again, he looked up at her, a nervous expression crossing his features as he did. "Um... H-Harry..." He stuttered. His declaration, however, seemed to shock the woman holding him. Hancock's eyes went wide, and her smile gave way to a rather surprised expression. It couldn't be... There was no way... Could it...?

"U-um... Miss?" He stuttered again, fearing he had done something wrong. Hancock quickly recovered from her shock and looked down at Harry, needing to confirm something.

"I'm sorry dear," she started, "but I don't believe I heard you correctly. You said your name was...Harry?" She asked. The young boy nodded, and Hancock decided to be sure. There was a lock of dark hair that had, incedentally, covered a specific spot on his forehead. Gently, she moved the bit of hair away and, sure enough, their it was, the lightning bolt scar.

Hancock may not have been born a witch, but apparantly, eating a Devil Fruit after being kidnapped at a young age and gaining an incredible power, was the next best thing. Aside from learning how to utilise that power, she and her sisters had learned about the history of the wizarding world, why it needed to be kept a secret, and the dark era it faced at the time, as well as the one who ended it.

The sound of sirens outside forced her out of her thoughts as officers and paramedics alike entered the room. The lead officer looked around the room, at the Durselys, concious and out cold, to

Hancock, before his eyes settled on the child in her arms. The sight that awaited him, and his companions, made him pale.

"Dear lord, what happened to him?" He asked the CEO in front of him, his voice gone hoarse.

Hancock's glare returned full force as she directed it at the hideous couple at her left. "They happened. The walrus was beating the child with the board over there." She stated, motioning to the the would plank full of bloody nails that Vernon dropped after she decked him.

The officer looked to the board, then to the unconcious Vernon, before looking back to Hancock. "We'll need a statement." He told her evenly. Hancock simply nodded.

"I have nothing to hide." She returned sternly, the officer nodded his thanks before he motioned to the other officers to apprehend the Durselys. Petunia, who was actually awake, managed to snap out of her almost petrified stupor enough to struggle against the officers who guided her outside, while the rest struggled to get the beyond overweight Vernon out the door. The paramedics, meanwhile, had guided Hancock to the ambulance where they looked over the child's injuries. After telling her they needed to take him to the hospital upon seeing his condition, Hancock looked to the child sitting on the stretcher.

Harry was looking down at the floor, completely numb to the pain. Pain was just natural to him at this point...It was what he deserved. It didn't even phase him anymore, at least after five minutes after the beating is over... That didn't mean he enjoyed it, he just...built a tolerance to it.

Hancock stepped over to Harry, placed her hand under his chin, and gently guided his face up so he could look at her.

"It's alright child, these people are going to take you to the hospital, where they will make all of your pain go away." She said gently, her eyes soft with concern.

They way she spoke to Harry surprised him, as well as confused him greatly. Why wasn't she hurting him? He was a freak. He didn't deserve any concern at all. Everyone hated him. Uncle Vernon said so! So why was she being so nice? Every time he looked at her he saw no trace of malice or deceit among her features. Maybe she truly was a nice person. Besides, he started to take a liking to her.

"Will you be there?" He asked softly. She smiled softly again.

"Of course I will. I'll be there before you know it." She told him, her answer making him uncharacteristicly excited on the inside.

After she had given her statement to the police, the ambulance began to drive off, and Hancock walked to her limousine with a new purpose in her step.

Hancock's chauffeur pulled to a stop in the hospital's parking lot, and the young woman all but kicked the door down in her rush to get into the building. She ran for the hospital doors as fast as her legs would carry her, though since she was wearing high heels at the time, that proved rather difficult. She had even tripped over her own feet when she had reached the building and very narrowly avoided getting her head stuck in a bucket.

Quickly regaining her bearings, she made her way to the counter where she asked about Harry. After being guided to the room Harry was currently being treated in, she paitently waited for the doctor. She didn't have to wait long however, as the doctor stepped out and closed the door behind her, her expression grim.

"Is the child alright?" Hancock asked upon noticing the look in the young woman's eyes.

The doctor took a deep, shaky breath. Not a good sign...

"...The child should be dead...The damages his body has sustained is...unfathomable. The fact that he's still alive is nothing short of a miracle...An absolute miracle, pure and simple..."

Hancock stiffened a bit, almost afraid to ask. "Care to elaborate?" She requested, her voice a little shakey.

"His bones are barely able to be repaired. They were twisted at such angles, I'm amazed they're healing. He suffered massive internal bleeding, and he has wounds that haven't been treated in at least three years, leading to severe infections that we're currently working on getting rid of. He'll survive, and recover fully...but his emotional well-being is what worries me..."

She was met with silence, and that was almost never a good sign. With caution, the doctor turned to Hancock's reaction. What she saw made her nervous; Hancock's eyes were shadowed, her fists clenched tightly, her shoulders shaking, a clear sign as any that she was furious.

"That... no good... unforgivable... the next time I see him..." She trailed off, her near silent tone betraying just how truly enraged she currently felt.

The doctor was starting to get frantic, knowing just how bad of a temper the woman in front of her was rumored to have. If she didn't do something something soon, then this place was about to become a metaphorical ground-zero. Luckily, fate seemed to be on her side as a hand reached out from behind Hancock and cupped her shoulder.

"Breathe." A new voice said. Hancock seemed to register what was said and began to do just that. Taking slow, deep breathes, two new women now stood behind Hancock. One of which was Sandersonia, the other being a woman the same height as her sister, wavy oranger hair of the same length as Sandersonia's own, dark red lipstick, and brown eyes filled with concern for her eldest sister, her left hand resting on said sister's shoulder. When Hancock told them over the phone where she was going and why, they almost couldn't believe what they heard. Still, they chose jot to argue with her and headed straight to the hospital to meet up with their sister.

Once Hancock calmed down, the doctor chose this time to speak up.

"I'll get started on the rest of the treatments right away. Shouldn't take too long." She said before she entered the room.

None of the Boa sisters said anything. Hancock simply walked over to the wall and rested her elbow on the white colored surface, her forehead restng on her palm, and the other hand on her hip. Her eyes were still shadowed in rage at not only the damage Vernon Dursely had done to the little boy she saved, but at herself.

'To think, I allowed that monster to work in my company.' She thought to herself. Her sister, however, chose the opportune moment to spoke up.

"You musn't blame yourself." The orange haired sister, Marigold, said soothingly. "At least the walrus is going to be put away for a long time."

"For all our sakes, ir better be forever." Hancock said simply, her sisters nodding in agreement.

The doctor soon stepped out again, only this time she seemed, surprised... shocked would acually be the better term to use in this instance.

"It's so peculiar..." The woman said, confused. "The boy...He's healing at an alarmingly fast rate. It's unnatural! His injuries are fading away like...like magic!" Hancock raised her brow at the word magic.

'Oh...I suppose that would make sense...He IS supposed to have powerful magic energy within him, judging by the stories...' Hancock mused to herself.

Nevertheless, it was good to hear that he was healing up. With that in mind she fully turned her full attention towards the doctor that treated Harry. "May I see him?"

The doctor seemed to consider this for a moment, but nodded all the same. "You may, however he is sleeping at the moment."

Hancock nodded her thanks as the doctor left. Turning to the door she opened it enough to poke her head in the doorway. Inside the room, Harry was, indeed, asleep on the hospital bed, his chest rising and falling in slow rythems. Hancock and her sisters subsequently entered the room, Hancock herself taking a seat on the chair next to the boy's resting form while Sandersonia and Marigold stood at the bedside. Sandersonia, being the closest one that was standing moved her hand to the boy's face, pushing aside the dark locks of hair to reveal the scar Harry Potter was known for in all its glory.

"So it really is him..." She trailed off, not that surprised since Hacock had told them beforehand.

"Yes." Hancock nodded. "I must admit, I'm rather surprised. ...I wasn't expecting the saviour of the wizarding world to be this tiny, and fragile, and helpless, and...dare I say it...cute." She blushed slightly as she said this last part. He WAS an adorable little boy, with his tiny size, beautiful green eyes, soft little voice, cute little face...

Sandersonia and Marigold raised an eyebrow and exchanged a glance at this, but decided against saying anything, choosing their lives over their curiosity. They both looked back to see their eldest sister gently stroking the child's cheek with the back of her fingers. Soon shifting her hand so she could caress Harry's cheek with her palm, the child unconciously leaning in to her touch, ehe blushed again when she saw him smile in content and heard a soft moan escaped him. She unknowingly smiled a little at his reaction, but her expression soon became serious as she got up from her seat gazed out the hospital room's window.

"Big Sister?' Marigold uttered curiously, herself and Sandersonia wondering what on their sister's mind.

After a long moment of silence, Hacock finally spoke up. "I refuse to allow this child to be in the care of anyone else, let alone anyone

remotely similar to the Durselys." Her sisters were surprised to to hear the determination making its way to her voice. "Once he's fully healed, he will need some to take care of him, and raise him right."

"Big Sister? What are you saying?" Sandersonia asked, wondering just where her sister was going with this.

Hancock sighed, not believing what she was about to do next. "I'm saying, once he's been released from this Hospital..." She turned to her sisters, who couldn't be more shocked by the words that left her mouth.

"...I intend to adopt him, as my son."

Chapter 2

It was...strange. Rather than te cramped and smelly cupboard he was used to was white, scent less sheets of a bed that he didn't recognize. Why wasn't he in his cupboard? This wasn't right; freaks like him never got a bed a nice as this. His thoughts were cut off as his hearing picked up just in time to catch a few select words.

"...I intend to adopt him, as my son."

That voice. It sounded familiar. Harry looked around, ever so subtly so he wasn't caught, and saw three different women standing around his bed in a very nice looking room. However, it was the woman standing next to the window that caught his attention and just like that, everything from earlier came back to him.

It was the woman who saved him! The woman who gave him a hug!

But...what was she talking about? Who was she going to adopt? It couldn't be him, could it?

While Harry was busy with his thoughts, the other women in the room were trying to process what their sister had just told them. They could understand lending assistance to a few exceptions among men, a certain straw hat wearing boy being one of them, but to adopt a little boy? Both sisters could only stare at Hancock with speechless expressions while said sibling was dead serious.

Harry looked at the pretty black haired woman curiously. She was nice, but not nice enough to put up with a freak like HIM for very long...Right?

Marigold was the first to recover from the shock.

"Sister, I understand that you wish to help him, but to go as far as adopt him? Are you sure that is something you want?" She questions seriously.

Hancock simply closed her eyes.

"I won't lie to you Marigold; I have no experience in parenting what so ever. But, if even half of what the stories about him say is true, then we at least owe him that much. Besides..." She then turns to the window, extremely hesitant about what she was going to say next. "...We've had a similar upbringing."

Both Marigold and Sandersonia couldn't argue with that. How they were brought into the magical world wasn't a pleasant memory, but they had someone to help them move past that.

Then, Marigold looked over at Harry and saw his eyes were open.

Catching her gaze, Harry let's out a startled squeak and tries to make himself smaller in the sheets. The noise catches the attention of the others before Hancock moves closer to Harry and genlty places a hand on his head. He flinches from the contact at first, but when he realizes that she isn't hurting him he looks up to see her giving him the same gentle smile from before.

"Hello Harry. Are you feeling better?" She asks gently, receiving a slow nod as is answer. "Good, I'm glad."

Hancock looked at him for a few more seconds. Then, she took him into her arms, cradling him against her chest like an infant.

Harry was confused by what Hancock did, but his head happen to be resting against her heart. Listening to to it's rythem caused a sense of nostalgia to wash over him as his eyes began to feel heavy, something that did not go unnoticed by the woman holding him. The small smile on her lips unconciously widening slightly, she remembered Harry needed to know about what she decided.

"Harry, can you stay awake a little longer? There's something I want to ask you." Harry suddenly found himself giving Hancock his full attention, sadly due to his uncle's teachings, and ready to hear what she has to say.

"Now then," she began, pausing briefly to think about what she was going to say, "how would you feel if you were to come stay with me?"

Harry looked at her with huge, confused eyes. "But why? I'm too freaky...You shouldn't want to touch me...And you REALLY shouldn't want me in your house..."

This got a reaction from all of the Boa sisters. The most visible, and audible, was Sandersonia's, as she drew in a sharp breath as her eyes widened greatly at what was said. Marigold and Hancock managed to keep their outward reactions to mild surprise, but the latter was absolutely furious inwardly at what was obviously the mental abuse the child was put through. Now she was tempted to march straight to where the sorry excuse for a human being was currently held behind bars anturn him to stone and grinding him 'to dust, regardless of who saw. Keeping her anger in check, her surprised expression morphed into a concerned one.

"Harry, you shouldn't talk down about yourself like that." She told him gently. "I for one don't think you're freaky."

"But I am!" He protested, confused as to why Hancock said that about him. "Uncle Vernon told me so! I'm a freak! I don't get to slee in a nice bed or-" his arguement was cut short upon Hancock tightening the hug firmly, but not enough to hurt him. He failed to notice Sandersonia trying not to cry and Marigold placing a hand on her shoulder in an effort to comfort her.

While she may not look it because of her control over her emotions, but Hancock was beyond furious at the damage Dursley had done to the boy in her arms. Turning the tub of fat into stone dust didn't seem like a bad option right now.

'I hope you burn faster than a snowball in Hell for this Dursley!' She hissed on the inside. Quickly getting her act together, she focused her attention on Harry, a sorrow ful look in her eye.

She took a deep breath, the sound shaky and uneven. She had to collect herself fully...She had to speak to him calmly...She couldn't sound like a quivering wreck when trying to console him...

"Harry, listen to me; by no means is what your uncle said true. In fact, I highly doubt we could call that so called man your uncle because of what he did to you. Do you want to know why?" Harry simple looked at Hancock, sheer confusion written all over his expression. Regardless, Hancock continued. "It's because family doesn't hurt one another like he hurt you. That man was not your family. No, family looks out for one another, helps eachother, they stay by your side. Some people will even help you regardless if you're family or not... even if they don't know you very well." She had gone quiet when she mumbled that last part; a smiling, straw hat wearing boy coming to mind as she finished.

Harry on the other hand, just continued to look at Hancock, his confusion increasing with every word. Why would she say all of those things? Why would she help him if she didn't know him like she had said? If Vernon wasn't family, like his aunt and cousin, if they weren't his family because they hurt him, then who was? Who WOULD help him? Who WOULD stay by his side?

The flood of questions in his head didn't help his confusion. He didn't know what to do! What could he do? Harry couldn't take it anymore. The questions just kept coming until, finally, the floodgates opened. Harry buried himself in Hancock's bosom, letting out YEARS of pent up sorrow, misery, and pain in her dress.

Hancock herself was taken aback, but the surprise and shock that came quickly passed as she looked at the child in her arms. His silent cries filled with so much pain that tears of her own started to prick at her own eyes. But she dare not cry here she needed to be strong, for this child, he needed. That said, she held the child close, stroking his back gently as the tears fell.

"Yes, that's it...You need this. Desperately..." She whispered to him soothingly as she began to rock him back and forth.

Marigold could only watch the display in silence. A sad frown marring her features as the young boy cried his hart out while her eldest sister comforted him. Sandersonia had given up on fighting her emotions and let her on tears fall, trying her best to keep her own sobs as quiet as possible. The doctor that had treated Harry was standing outside the door, a tear of her own escaping her eye. Having arrived when Hancock had assured Harry that nothing was wrong with him, the doctor could not help but think that the child was in good hands.

Actually adopting Harry had been a bit more stressfull than Hancock had liked. After Harry had spent the night at the hospital, as per the doctor's orders, just to be safe, the sisters had him checked out and went straight for the adoption agency. That's when things got complicated: first they found out that there weren't any records of him at all, then while they were getting things in order, Hancock had to tell a half-truth as to how she knew of and about the child, leading to the paperwork that had to be filled out. As the CEO of a large company, paperwork seemed to follow her everyhere. Ugh.

To say Hancock was relieved it was over was an understatement, in fact, she was actually a little excited that she would finally be able to take Harry home. It was kind of strange, considering she never even DREAMED of having a child before.

At least...not yet.

After letting her secretary know that she'll need a few days from the office, Hancock told the woman to send any paperwork (guhh) that she needed to sign and any reports in written for to her estate when she needed it. Of course , the secretary was a squib from the magical world, so keeping her boss's estate near the Grand Line in the Wizarding Realm in the secret was easy, as well as sending everything Hancock needed.

With that done, the Boa Sisters and young Harry Potter were well on their way to the location that would lead them to the latter's new home. Letting his curiosity get the best of him after a few minutes,

Harry looked up to his adoptive mother, even though he didn't feel ready to call her that yet.

"Um... Miss Hancock?" Despite the volume of his voice, he managed to get the Woman's attention.

"Yes Harry?" She replied, seeing an opportunity to take her mind of of certain past events.

"Wh...What's your house like?" He asked shyly. He was tense, but relaxed when Hancock smiled.

"Well, I wouldn't call it a house, per say." Her new son's head tilted slightly in innocent confusion at her answer.

"What do you mean?"

Hancock smirked and patted his head. "My home is FAR too big to consider a house. It's usually referred to as a mansion."

"Oh." He looked to the floor, thinking over what she said. "So... what's a mansion like?"

"Well..." She trailed of as she thought about how she would answer him. "A mansion is usually filled with lots of rooms; some just to sit in and others meant for other stuff you like to do, like reading. They even have yards that are ten times bigger than what was at your old house."

She was met with another 'oh' as Harry's expression suddenly became downcast at the intense chores he might have to do, even though he didn't know she wouldn't make him do any. Hancock noticed his expression almost immediately.

"And no, Harry, it is NOT your job to clean up the mansion. I have servants for that. Don't worry."

Harry turned to his new parent in surprise. He had forgotten that he told her about what the Dursleys made him do when he still lived

with them. Hancock, having decided to stay with him a little longer that night, felt that if she was going to adopt Harry, it was her duty to undo the damage that the Dursleys had done. So with some gentle prodding on her part, she got Harry to tell her everything, despite needing to stop every now and then to comfort him when he remembered the more brutal beatings and abuse he went through, despite her offer to stop the first time.

"But... but how will I earn my keep?" He asked, still confused about his situation.

Hancock took on a playful expression of thought, having received a bit of advice for parenting after the adoption interview. Her thoughtful look became a smile as she began to stroke Harry's messy locks. "That's easy," she started in a just as playful tone, "you just need to be yourself. That's more than enough for you to do."

Watching the scene unfold before them, Marigold smiled, her eyes full of mirth, while Sandersonia giggled a bit at the sight, thinking this side of her older sister as amusing yet a bit cute with Harry in the mix.

After a while, Hancock's transport arrived at a canal in the hidden parts of London. Hancock carried her new charge while she and her sisters walked on a side path into a tunnel along the canal. Harry began to get when they entered the dark tunnel, but the passage way was immediately alit with dark orange flames, making Harry jump a bit, but he soon calmed down. They continued to walk in silence until an exit could be seen. Said exit was behind a heavy looking door with snakes and amazon lilies decorating the enirety of iT, and it seemed like as though the snakes were keeping the door shut.

Walking up to the door, Hancock raised a hand and slid the tips of her fingers down the door before whispering, "Through hardship and love."

And just like that, the snakes came tom life and slithered across the heavy wood surface, until the door stood unbarred.

Pushing the door open, The group of foor now stood in a dark cave alit with torches. A dock could be seen a short distance away from them, a boat made of red wood tied to the wood platform by a rope. What caught Harry's attention was the snake at the front of the boat faceing the direction to the group's right. Harry thought it was a decoration, until it turned to look at them.

The little boy let out a surprised squeak and pressed his face into Hancock's bosom. Hancock simply smiled and patted his back.

'You needn't fear me, child...' Harry's head shot up at the unfamiliar voice. He snapped his head back and forth, searching for the source. 'Look here.' Harry's eyes widened when he looked at the snake again.

"Y-You...?" He asked softly. The snake nodded. "You can...t-talk...?"

The sisters were initially confused when Harry started looking around as if he were searching for something, but that soon led to surprise when Harry turned to the snake on the boat and started hissing at it.

"Harry, what are you doing?" Hancock asked, having a sinking feeling as to what was happening.

Realizing that he did something he though he shouldn't have, Harry began to panic.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to, I just thought since I could talk to the snake, I would, and I didn't know it was bad and I'll never do it again, please don't hate me!"

Hancock simply hugged Harry to calm him down, but it gave Hancock the answer she needed, he was a parseltounge. But how? As far as she knew, niether of his parents, let alone his mother, were

decendants of Salazar Slytherine. So how was it that Harry knew the language of snakes?

She shook her head a little, since there was no need to think about it. Instead she turned her attention back to the child in her arms.

"It's alright Harry. In fact, you're lucky that you can even understand him." She soothed, ending on a slight enthusiastic note.

The young woman giggled at the wide-eyed expression of confusion he gave her, and she kissed his brow gently before ruffling his hair.

"Very few people can do what you can. I was just surprised you could, is all." She told him. "So don't worry. You're allowed to talk to snakes if they have something nice to say."

"Okay, Miss Hancock." Harry said softly. Hancock smiled softly at him before moving to the boat.

Once she was seated in the front, with Marigold and Sandersonia sitting behind her, Harry looked around in the boat to see they were missing something.

"Um... Where are the paddles?" He asked innocently, currently unaware of what would happen next.

Smirking to her new son, she decided to be somewhat vague in her answer. "We don't need them, Harry."

Tilting his head, he asked why before the snake spoke up again. 'Hold on, child.' Harry looked forward to the snake, before looking to the side to see the docks starting move away from them.

His eyes widened and he smiled slightly. The boat was moving on its own? "Miss Hancock...? Is the water really strong?"

"Oh no, my dear. This is simply magic." Hancock replied, running her fingers through his hair.

Harry flinched a little. That word was bad! Uncle Vernon said so! ...But then he remembered what Hancock had told him before. Uncle Vernon wasn't family. So did that make his uncle...wrong?

"M-magic?" He asked carefully.

"That, and the snake is pulling the boat." Hancock stated, making Harry ask the snake if it was true, and the serpent confirmed it.

After a while, the tunnel started to get get dark, only for a light to appear at the end of the tunnel. Harry looked to his new mother, before she gently squeezed his shoulder in assurance and gave him a soft smile. Just as Harry turned back to the light, the room flared up a bit, making him cover his eyes in surprise. Blinking to get rid of the brief glare, he turned his sights forward again to see that they were no longer in a tunnel, but saw lush forests on either side of the gently flowing river they were now on.

"Wow..." Harry breathed softly, taking in the lush, beautiful forest he was now in. "This is so pretty...But Miss Hancock...Where are we...?"

Hancock smiled at Harry's reaction and giggled a bit into her hand. "Well, Harry," she started, "I guess you can say this is part of my yard."

Harry stared at his adoptive mother in wide-eyed wonder, making his Aunt Sonia silently gush at his cuteness. "Y-your yard?" Harry asked, getting a nod in return.

"That's right, and we should be seeing your new home pretty soon. So just sit tight, okay?" Hancock replied, getting a nod from Harry as he patiently sat in her lap.

As they continued to gently move along the river, with Harry taking in the sights and Hancock watching him in amusement, the foliage began to lighten up. Harry looked ahead as they entered a clearing, and what he saw nearly took his breath away.

In the center of the massive clearing was what had to be the BIGGEST house he had ever laid eyes on. The massive structure was colored with several shades of red, and looked like a castle he had seen on the T.V. once. Harry couldn't help but look over the building in awe. His new mother lived HERE? It was amazing! Seeing it from the outside only made him wonder what it was like on the inside.

Hancock saw his reaction, and a smirk graced her features. "Oh, it seems you like your new home." She said calmly. "Shall we see the inside, then?" Harry nodded eagerly. It was like she read his mind or something, because he REALLY wanted to see what was in there!

As they docked, Harry said his good-byes to the snake on the boat before the small group departed and made their way to the large door of the mansion. Harry examined the door with childish wonder, gazing upon the many designs that were embedded on the the large brownish-red wood. Hancock turned to Harry with a smirk.

"Ready to see where you'll be living from now on?" She inquired, getting an eager nod from her new son in response. "Well, then what are we waiting for?"

And with that, she snapped her fingers, making the large double door open inwards. Harry just barely caught the sight of the inside, before...

"Welcome back, Snake Princess!"

Harry nearly jumped out of his mother's grasp as over a dozen bikini armor clad women greeted the returning group of four from the entry hall.

Hancock smiled and patted his head. "Don't be afraid. These are my servants and guards. They're just here to greet us." She assured him gently. Harry gave her an uneasy glance, then looked around at all the women surrounding him. They were all looking at him curiously, some just looking, some murmuring to one another...

"Why do you think she's holding a child? Did she adopt?"

"If she did, then why?"

"I don't know, but that child is so cute!"

Harry actually heard that last one, before he blushed and hid in his mother's bosom again. Hancock simply smiled at him and rubbed his back to ease him out. Just as the child seemed to relax, another voice spoke up.

"Snake Princess? Care to explain something about our new guest?"

Hancock looked to the top of the flight of stairs at the end of the room to see a short, elderly woman holding a snake staff and wearing red clothing standing there.

"Elder Nyon." Acknowledging the elder that raised her and her sisters, Hancock stepped forward. "Everyone," she began, addressing the room's occupants, "I want to introduce you to my son: Harry Potter." As she gestured to her new child, the entire room filled with gasps in an instant.

"A son? But it was my understanding that you despised the male population. If you were to adopt, I was almost certain it would be a girl... I even made a bet over it, so now I must relinquish one hundred dollars..."

While not exactly pleased that her elder made a bet about what kind of child she would raise (granted, she didn't expect to be raising a son either), a smirk made it way across the empress's face.

"Now don't tell me that you forgot all about him..." she trailed off.

That's when everyone in the room, save for Harry, understood what she meant.

Strawhat Luffy.

They had all heard about the one time she answered a summons to the British Ministry, and a former servant to the one Hancock had dubbed "That Thing" had mocked her for not only being a devil fruit user, but called her a coward for not answering previous summons as a Pirate Warlord in the ever hidden, and mysterious, ocean known as the Grand Line.

That was the first time she met the rather curious character that was Monkey D. Luffy. Since he and his crew were exploring at one point and found Hancock and the former servant talking, and the captain didn't take the insults likely. After the Warlord meeting was over. Luffy and his crew decided to visit. While treated with hostility at first, Hancock gave them some leeway because of the captain's actions. After getting to know the rubber boy and his crew, Hancock decided that as long as they did nothing to betray her trust, they were allowed to visit should the need arise.

Needless to say that was something that confused her crew and tribe to this day.

And it was no secret that Hancock had deep, DEEP feelings for Straw Hat Luffy, though despite her many attempts to make these feelings known, he was too dense to acknowledge them.

Harry, on the other hand, had no idea whatsoever as to what was going on.

"Um... Miss Hancock, who are you talking about?" Harry asked shyly.

Hancock looked to him, be fore the mental image of the Strawhat Pirate's wide smile made her flustered.

"Um... well... W-we're talking about a good friend of ours. Hopefully you'll get to meet him someday." She told him. Harry simply nodded. A sudden hiss could be heard, making all eyes turn to the stairs as a giant red and whilte snake with a skull on it's head quickly made it's way to Hancock.

Harry was startled as the large snake stopped in front of him and his new mother, but Hancock simply smiled at the familiar face.

"Hello, Salome." She greeted simply.

"Mississstresssss!" The snake hissed excitedly, curling around its master. Hancock smiled and stroked the snake's head. The large snake extended it's tongue on her cheek affectionately, then turned to Harry with a curious expression.

Harry returned the snake's gaze, albiet shyly. The skull on Salome's head made him a bit intimidating.

"Harry." The boy looked up to see his mother looking down to him with a look of reassurance. "I want you to meet Salome." She started, gesturing to the snake twisting around them. "He's my partner, and he will help protect you."

While her words relived him a little, he was still cautious. He cast a shy glance to Salome, and waved.

"H-hello." Many heads tilted in confusion and/or curiosity as the supposed snake prince used his parseltongue instinctively.

Salome's eyes widened slightly in surprise when Harry spoke in the language of serpents, but it passed as soon as it came before he smiled through his gaze.

"A pleasure to meet you, child." He returned.

Hancock watched the conversation with a smile, despite not knowing what was being said. Still, a few things needed to be taken care of. First and foremost...

"Everyone, listen up." All heads turned to the empress as she began speaking. "As I have said before, young Harry hear is my son. While he may not be able to learn the ways of the Kuja, we can at least teach him how to defend himself when the time comes. Even though

that time has yet to come, he is to be treated with respect. So I expect every one of you to treat him kindly. Understood?"

There was a resounding chorus of affirmation throughout the crowd. While they weren't particularly FOND of men, they didn't HATE them like their queen did. If she was willing to trust this boy, then he must be the exception to the rule.

"Princess." Hancock turned her gaze to the snake elder standing atop the flight of stairs, not moving an inch since she first arrived. She did, however, gesture to the side. "A word?"

Hancock simply turned her attention away for a moment, before turning to her sisters, who had been reunited with their own snake partners as Hancock had.

"Sonia, Mari..." Heads of green and orange directed their attention to their sister upon being called out. "Can the two of you watch Harry for a minute. There's something I need to do." Her request was met with smiles and nods from both of her sisters. A tug on her dress later and Hancock saw Harry with a mildly worried look. She simply smiled at him and stroke his dark locks.

"It'll be alright, Harry. I just need to speak to the elder for a minute. I'll be with you real soon, I promise."

Harry didn't look to sure, but nodded none the less and allowed himself to be placed with his aunts. As the servants began going about their business and Hancock leaving the room with Nyon, Harry felt himself being picked up by his Aunt Sonia.

"Well, Harry, how about we give you a tour of the palace?" She asked. A nod was all she needed before the party of three began moving.

In another room, Nyon and Hancock had begun to talk about Hancock's choice in adopting Harry.

"Mind telling me what's going on?" The elder questioned sternly. "It's not every day you decide to bring a wizard child to the palace. A savior among them, no less."

Unlike the other Kuja, Nyon knew perfectly well where the Pirate empress came from and her upbringing, having raised her and her sisters herself. Hancock let out a long sigh, knowing she would have to explain Harry's backstory sooner or later.

"Well, Elder, you see, I may dislike men, but even I have standards. And the relatives he was sent to live with when his parents died? Well, Dumbledore is a senile old fool, and I'm going to have words with him." She said, eyes narrowed.

The way the woman in front of her spoke gave Nyon the feeling that she wouldn't like what she was about to hear. Dumbledore had proclaimed himself as Harry's magical guardian, that much she knew, but where the old wizard had sent the boy to live was a mystery.

Until now.

"Do mind explaining?" The elder asked unsteadily.

Hancock sighed again before going into a summarized version of how her day ended. By the end of it, Nyon had her head down, her eyes shadowed, and her hand gripping her staff very tightly.

"Dumbledore, you old, crusty, senile fool..." She mumbled. "Sending him to a family KNOWN to hate wizards...What was he THINKING?"

"That's what I wish to know." Hancock replied bitterly. "That's why I brought him here. So that I may help him recover. I know I don't really have much experience in parenting. That's why I would like your help."

Nyon turned her gaze to the woman she saw as a daughter. In her eyes burned the determination she always held when she set her

mind to something.

Either that or she had been hanging around the straw hat boy for too long. Despite that, it was an easy answer for the elder.

Hancock let a smile grace her expression when Nyon gave her answer. Walking over to the window, she began too look out into the distance as she thought over what to do next.

Nyon, seeing her adoptive daughter's thoughtful expression, decided to speak up.

"So what happens now?"

Not moving her gaze from the view outside, Hancock gave her answer.

"Firts thing's first," she began, "we get Harry used to living here, then we help him recover from the damage those, animals did to him." Hancock's expression and tone darkened considerably when she described the Durselys, a term Nyon found all to appropriate.

"I see." Nyon said. "And on the off chance someone should pay a visit?" She then asked with a knowing smile, albeit barely visible.

Hancock blushed at the hidden meaning behind those words. She knew full well who the elder was talking about, but didn't say anything... at first.

"Well..." Hacock said, her blush toning down as she smiled and brought a hand to her cheek. "It depends on the person."

Elsewhere, a young man with shaggy dark hair sat on the figurehead of a large lion-headed ship, grinning broadly as the ship sailed forward.

"Looks like you're in a good mood, Luffy." A green-haired man acknowledged, glancing in Luffy's general direction.

"Shishishi. Of course." Luffy replied. "It's been a while since we last saw them all." He grinned widely as he thought about seeing the pirate empress again... which led him to thinking of all the meat she gave him last time.

The green haired man, the firsmate of the Strawhat Pirates, Roronoa Zoro, simply gave a nod to his captain's response. Deciding to simply leave the strawhat wearing boy to his musings, he walked off to get some training in before they arrived.

Luffy, on the other hand, was looking off into the distance as the ship continued to move along it's course. Nami said it'd be about a day or so before they got there, but didn't matter to Luffy, he was just thinking about the mountain of food he was going to eat, as well as the friends he made there.

Little did he know, he was about to make a knew one.